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EDITORIAL

Growth is a word that means many things to many people. To the businessman it means an increase in production; to the farmer it means a fruitful harvest; to a mother it means the progress her child is making in his physical and mental development. To the teacher it means an improvement in the ability of his students to attain and use knowledge. To a city it means an increase in population and industry. Growth is not something that just happens to an individual or community. It is the result of patient planning and concentrated effort on the part of many people sincerely interested in whatever is being cultivated.

Queens College 1960 is a symbol of such growth. For the last several years this campus has been teeming with new plans, new people, and new ideas—each contributing to the growth and improvement of the college community. Our administration and staff have spent many long hours working on plans for curriculum improvement and studying blue prints for new buildings. The college's purposes and principles have been studied and reworked to provide the best possible "liberal education" for its students. Faculty members have adopted more effective methods of teaching. The physical facilities of the college have nearly doubled in the last eleven years. Sixteen buildings have been added to our campus; our generation has witnessed the erection of eight of these buildings.

The effect of these improvements, physical and otherwise, on the academic atmosphere of the campus is already noticeable. Students have been provided with classrooms conducive to study. The new library affords a quiet place for concentration and research. New books are arriving every day, now that there is room in the library for expansion. The scholarship program provided by Mr. Charles A. Dana has enriched our entire educational system, stimulating enthusiasm and interest in sincere learning among those scholars assigned this special responsibility.

Increased responsibility on the part of students in all areas of campus life has induced greater individual growth and maturity. It has enabled students to learn to face problems realistically, and given them an opportunity to make decisions, exercising their own judgment. This increased freedom of the individual to make choices has been incorporated in most areas of our campus life.

Student organizations no longer exist on this campus in name alone. They are a vital part of the progressive movement at Queens. The Student Government Association has replaced the Coordinating Council with a more effective Student Legislature. Our constitution has been revised to suit our needs. The Queens Christian Association has reworked its program and re-evaluated its purposes. The Recreation Association has provided us with an improved program of recreation and relaxation. Conscientious students have sought to find better means of cutting across communications barriers in our student publications. *The Flier* has become a means of expression for public opinion rather than just a bulletin of weekly events. The *logos* has revived an interest in achieving literary excellence by improving its own standards and format.

We, the students at Queens, are fortunate to be the members of such a progressive college community. Most upperclassmen can appreciate the changes and improvements that have been made in all areas of campus life. Many can already sense a more enthusiastic attitude toward studies, a deeper loyalty to the college's principles, and pride in the very name of Queens College and all that she symbolizes for us. It is our sincere wish that underclassmen shall realize the responsibility that is theirs to continue to insist upon individual growth and campus development. Failure to do so is dangerous. If we are to combat regression, we must employ the progressive elements of thought, action, and enthusiasm of every member of our student body. October 14, 1960 marked the end of one phase of our college development. May we never cease to grow.

H. S.

The Calculated Dash

Marg Seay

"We don't want to make a mad dash to the future,
but a calculated one."
H. E. Babb,
Chairman of the Self-Study Committee, '60

Queens is one of more than a hundred schools and colleges that is or has been engaged in self-study programs. The purpose of the studies, which are under the auspices of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, is three-fold: 1) to determine our present status; 2) to evaluate our activities as they are related to our purposes, and 3) to plan for the future in the light of our findings. Other colleges that have participated in self-study programs have been motivated to think—think of themselves in relationship to where they find themselves presently, and where they are going in the educational endeavor. Probably one of the most important end-results of such a comprehensive study will be to reveal the school's inner character. This leads to a better understanding, awareness, and appreciation of the school's main strengths, and calls attention to its obvious, as well as its obscure, weaknesses. Once these strengths and weaknesses are brought into the open and analyzed, there should come about a perspective for future growth and development.

The Queens Self-Study Committee must explore every phase of campus activity. The committee, composed of college faculty and staff, as well as students, and headed by Mr. H. E. Babb, will endeavor to look closely at the real existing life of the institution. Separate committees are being organized to study individual phases of college activity. The overall purposes of the institution will be studied at length. What are the stated purposes of Queens College? Are they really statements of what we stand for? How well are they understood by faculty and students? Are faculty and students, in their practical activities, bringing them to fulfillment, or are such purposes merely printed words on a page?

Besides the study of purposes, which is of primary importance because of its influence on every facet of the college, the committee will study financial resources, organization, educational program, faculty, student personnel, physical plant, research, and special activities. These will be studied both as separate units and in their relationship to each other. The field of student personnel is of particular importance and interest because it deals with the living center that makes up an institution of learning. This study will include a thorough analysis and outline of the Student Government organization. What are its powers? What means of communication does it utilize? How effective is it? Is it accepted and supported by faculty, administration, and students? Queens prides itself in affording a unique relationship between

students and faculty. Do students take advantage of the opportunity to develop along with their professors? A broad subject that will be handled under the heading of student personnel, is the question of students as individuals. Why did they choose Queens? What kind of women come here? What are their sociological backgrounds? What do a group of Queens girls discuss late at night in the dormitories, or during the afternoon in the "Y" Store over a cup of coffee? Information in this area can lead to judgments regarding the intellectual life of the community, and will contribute to our future progress.

Queens College has grown in the three years I have been a part of the student body. The academic climate has changed. The great majority of students want to do as well as they possibly can. There is a prevalent atmosphere of striving to get involved in campus activities, both social and academic. More important, in the last three years the campus has become more intellectually oriented and has placed greater emphasis on the individual student. We want this growth to continue, and to assure it we must know ourselves better.

How will a program of self-study affect the Queens College of tomorrow? We are at a crossroads. The future is before us. A self-study can be regarded only as a beginning. It can provide a "calculated dash" ahead. To insure our planned development, self-study must become a constant and integral part of our academic activities and responsibilities.

Flight

Days pass; months grow
Into fullblown year.
A life is touched.
Remembers, never to forget,
The unknown quality of friendship.
Then flees blindly
Into a life of oblivion
Leaving behind . . .
Chaos.

—BETTY JENKINS

THE STORM

Margaret Gourley

The blue-green fields stretched out into the distance
Meeting a dull expanse of silver sky.
A soft breath moved the young plants; and the soil,
Warm, damp, felt good beneath her dusty feet:
She poked them gratefully into the loam.
The man in blue-jeans bent over one of the rows
With his back to her, and as he worked she watched
The muscles knot and unknot under his smooth
Glistening skin, and the way the torn jeans
Stretched taunt over his hips and slender thighs.

"Jessie Mae! You git in here!"—a harsh
Woman voice shrilled then from the white frame house
With the red silo towering behind it
And the barn. She loitered back toward the yard,
Pausing to look up at a burnished cock
Sitting there over the pink top blossoms
Of a peach tree; a towhee called and a bob white
Next, and his mate answered him. "Jessie Mae!"
The harsh voice repeated, and then repeated again.

"I'm coming!", but she still stood motionless,
Watching a grey squirrel chase himself around
The thick trunk of an elm; moving in slow
Motion, she shoved one foot forward and brought
The other up to meet it; stopped again.
The out of doors felt good; she shook her thin
Tall body in the feed sack dress that hung
With big faded sunflowers among the folds.

An older woman with straggling grey hair stood
In the open door, her heavy bosom sagging
Nearly to the belt of her old blue denim skirt.
"Quit your dreamin', Jessie Mae!—there's work

To be done: th' chickens ain't been fed yet,
An' you just stan' there gawkin'—lost yer mind?"

"Yes, Ma'm." mechanically she walked across
The front of the house and then up past the well house
To the shed at the base of the silo. The hens were clucking
Nearby, and a calf bawled suddenly inside
The roomy, sturdy, overhanging barn.

She watched the cracked and yellow kernels fly
Over the manured and barren earth
Where the plump hens, whose tails, upended, looked
Like the white ruffled pants of little girls,
Were excitedly bent over the scattered feed.
Their eager clucks brought the flapping, copper cock
To join them from his perch on that favorite peach
Tree limb covered with yellow-green and pink.
Her gaze wandered back then to the blue-green field,
And the man who bent among the young plants, hoeing.

"Reckon it'll storm soon," she thought, and she looked up
To the sultry sky, seeing the scudding clouds
Massing and fusing into a solid wall.
Even the air now matched the pewter tone
Of the horizon and the threatening sky.
A rising wind began to whip the skimpy,
Gathered, unironed skirt against the calves
Of her legs, and indicated the hollows
Back of her slightly bent, protruding knees.
She dropped the container back into the feed bin;
Through the cobwebbed pane the house looked more box-like white
Than ever, its black windows defined, and grey screened porch.
A hen rushed past, its mottled head stretched forward;
It's yellow, scaly, splayed feet pacing like some
Armless person, wings folded for the run.

The barn door groaned as if in pain; swung wide
On its long hinges. The compost sank beneath her
Bare feet as she padded to the ladder:
The sides and rounds of which, worn smooth and even
By many climbing feet and clutching hands,
Were solid to her weight. At last flung down
On the scattered straw, her stomach flat against
The floor, she rested her rounded chin upon
Her folded arms. She felt the trying touch
Of a wayward roach as it crawled over her
Naked heel; she smelled the fresh clean straw
Piled about her and in the stalls below.

The pitchfork gleamed against the hayloft wall.
Under her the new foal was moving restlessly,
Hinting to the bay mare that food time had arrived;
And now, and now she heard the pattering rain
On the roof above her head, and felt the cool
Air breathe through the dusty ventilator,
And heard the hens' annoyance at the rain.

The heavy barn door squeaked again, swung slowly
Open, and a dark figure stood outlined
In the space where the outside bright met the inside gloom.
She started and then pressed her body flat
Against the hard, unyielding planks. The door
Swung closed, making the dimness complete. She saw
A match-flare, then the firelight glow, and the lantern
Hung on the nail beside the bay mare's stall;
The bronze-red, sweat-dipped skin gleamed in its light.
His lower body showed in dark outline:
A darker form of torso, thighs, and then
The thick, the golden hay bale where he sat,
His broad chest heaving with his restless breath.
She spoke his name; he did not move at all.
The open hayloft door showed new green fields
With daisies bowing to the pattering rain,
Their petals bending with each fresh assault,
And the dandelion yellow on the hills
Above the blue-green carpet he had worked.

The ladder sides fit smoothly in her palms;
The rungs increased the hollows at her feet.
The straw floor rustled softly underneath
Her shuffling steps. She saw the soft brown wave
Of reddish hair, clean-parted, in the light,
And even the fuzzy hairs at the base of his neck.
She wondered that he did not turn, but then
How could he know she was there? Her thin fingers
Nudged, then firmly pressed against his shoulders'
Deep tan; against his skin, warm, firm,
And silky smooth beneath her touch. He turned,
And then he opened wide the sharpened eyes
Of savage azure-green,—the young deaf-mute—
The bronzed, the brute—the strangely waiting hired man.

A LITTLE AFTER NINETY

by Rosemary Clower

This story received the Freshman Short Story Award on Awards Day, May 1960.

The rain had stopped, and a cool breeze came through the open door. On the radio, the eight o'clock news had just ended, and a wild piece of jazz was beating its way through the humid air. I was sprawled out on the couch, eating an apple, and thinking about what a dull evening it would probably be, when the telephone interrupted my thoughts. Quickly, I stepped over magazines and books, turned down the radio, and picked up the receiver.

It was Tom. He and the gang were going to ride around and wanted to know if I'd join them. Eagerly I accepted, and ran to change my clothes. Soon a car pulled up, and as I grabbed my raincoat, I called good-bye to my folks. Running out, I slipped on my coat and jumped over a few puddles on the walk. I slid in by Tom, who was driving his souped-up car.

After picking up a few other kids, we headed for the drive-in for a soda. By that time, the wind had blown many of the clouds away, and the moon was round and yellow overhead. Everything was clean and shiny, and the air had a certain freshness. It was great to be alive.

After finishing his drink, Tom turned the car toward the highway. We were cruising along, talking, laughing, and listening to the radio, when a car pulled alongside. Over the roar of the motors, we heard a challenge to a drag race. It was Jack, one who always boasted that he had the fastest coupé. I looked at Tom and felt sure he wouldn't race, but the rest of the gang egged him on, and he slowly consented. The starting point was the stop light ahead.

My heart began to pound. I wanted to get out. They could easily let me out at the light, but I knew what they'd think. Should I risk being laughed at? Many of my friends had been in drag races, and no one had been hurt. Nothing will happen this time either, I thought. Finally I argued myself into it, swallowed hard, and stayed in for the ride.

Soon the stop sign came into sight, and we all got set for the start. Tom nervously put her in gear, pressed the accelerator hard, and we were off with a jerk. And so was Jack. I felt sure we'd lose him, but slowly Jack pulled up even with us. Tom's right foot was on the floor; the needle

was nearing seventy-five. My muscles tensed, and I wet my lips. My eyes stayed glued to the road. Jack was inching his way up, but Tom was determined to stay in the lead. I glanced at the speedometer—ninety! Then my eyes found the road again, and I caught my breath. Up ahead were two bright headlights, rather far away, but close enough to worry me. Jack was trying to edge us off the road. I noticed sweat rolling off Tom's forehead. The oncoming car neared; Jack was not one to quit. Suddenly, I couldn't stand it any longer. I let out a hoarse cry. Tom took his foot off the accelerator and slowly pressed the brake. Jack sped ahead, but not in time. The approaching car swerved to the side, hit the dirt, and skidded into a tree. There was a loud crash and a splinter of glass. I was numb, sick; I wanted to cry.

I had to get to the phone and call home, for, if mother heard about the accident on the radio, she would be frantic. We found a phone, and I dialed home. The phone buzzed. No one answered. It rang again and again, but no one seemed to be at home.

We rode around for a while in silence. The noise of the crash was still ringing in our ears. Finally, someone timidly suggested that we go back to see if anyone was seriously hurt. As we turned on to the highway, an ambulance whizzed by, its crying siren pricking my every nerve. Police and a few curious individuals were mingling around when we got there. We stopped, got out, and went over to the wrecked car. I was shaking so I could hardly stand up. The whole front end of the car was bashed in, and one wheel was completely under it. The front windows were smashed, and glass covered the road. I couldn't bear the sight any more. I turned to go. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed something lying near the wreck in the wet grass. It was a torn green scarf. As I neared, my attention was focused on two white initials in the corner. My eyes froze to the spot. I let out a sobbing scream. It was the scarf I had given my mother for her birthday.

Early Impressions of the University and of Ceylon

L. Aubrey Drewry

The University of Ceylon is located along the banks of the Mahaweli Ganga ("the river of great waters") and near the village of Peradeniya which is the junction at which a highway separates. One strip runs to Kandy, the sacred city where the Temple of the Tooth is each year the scene of one of Buddhism's greatest festivals, the Perahera. During this festival the relic of Lord Buddha is carried about the city on the back of the biggest elephant available, accompanied by a splendid procession of drummers, dancers, elephants, horses and the faithful. The other strip passes through the mountains to Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon's summer resort, favorite spa of the now vanished tea aristocracy. Locating the University at this particular junction was the result of much careful planning by engineers, geologists, financiers, and politicians and other practical men; but the construction of these buildings, inaugurated by Prince Philip only six years ago, at this particular fork in the road, has a symbolic importance which probably escaped the planners. The Mahaweli, which is the longest, largest and most important river in the island, plunges down from the upcountry around Nuwara Eliya, splashing along hillsides covered with emerald tea plants, and emerging just above Peradeniya in relatively flat country. It flows on to Kandy four miles away, makes a great loop around the city and heads east to the sea. As it flows through the campus it is rapid, but not turbulent. Mountains surround the campus and give it a natural magnificence rare for academic nests. When I first arrived I stayed in a bungalow atop one of these hills or small mountains; and at sunset, which is, I suppose, always the loveliest time of day in the tropics, the river, village and campus lying at the junction of roads to British resort and Buddhist shrine, presented a truly moving but deceptive picture of nature and society at peace.

When one goes down the mountain, he finds the campus throbbing with that jungle lushness which is almost offensive to eyes developed for temperate zones: trees, vines, plants blooming with a generosity that is almost irrepressible; grass growing so rapidly that its progress is measurable from one morning to the next; ferns requiring only the dust collected between stones to put down roots upon which the leaves spread with the magnificence of a peacock's tail; lizards, insects, snakes and toads obviously not realizing that this is no longer jungle but the site of man's nobler activities. The buildings are of brick coated with lime plaster and are decorated with lions and elephants. After the manner of Ceylon architecture there are many colonnades, balconies, terraces and unscreened windows, so that outside comes in, and birds nest in the rafters of the library feeding their young while students below feed their minds. The playing fields are laid out in the English

Dr. L. A. Drewry, Jr., head of the Economics Department at Queens, is spending the year 1960-61 as a visiting lecturer at the University of Celon. He is in Ceylon on a Fulbright Grant. Dr. Drewry wrote this article especially for the *logos*, to convey to the students at Queens his early impressions of Ceylon and the University.

manner with the standard 440 track, and beside that a cricket field, and beside that a rugger field, the whole surrounded by sundry tennis courts and pavilions. On the far side of the playing fields are the now empty constructions which will house the engineering faculty when it comes up from Colombo. Squatting beside them is the faculty club (formerly a tea factory) behind which runs the railway line from Kandy to the coast. A half mile further on are the Royal Botanical Gardens, a fine place for an afternoon stroll. All this is on the far side of the University quadrangle. On this side are the dormitories, the main women's looking suspiciously like a harem with lotus pools and a colonnaded garden. Further on this way is the Catholic Church (the Protestant Church is on a side road halfway up one of the mountains, but in a little depressed cul-de-sac from which its cross stands proudly) and a set of four villages housing University servants, each possessing assorted Buddhist and Hindu temples and shrines. A half mile more brings you to Mahakaude, where I live.

The house I live in was built in 1939 by a rich tea planter who obviously regarded English architecture as the only architecture, but who also liked the great use of open space in Ceylon. The house is of grey stone with a great verandah, to which have been attached two wings so that it has a sort of E shape. There are 18 or 20 rooms in it, and the lawns and gardens descend in front to the road. On one side is a trout stream, on the other a labyrinth of servants' quarters, kitchens and storerooms. When the British gentleman was forced by circumstance and his own good judgment to return home, he sold his estate to the University. The house was to have been the Vice-chancelor's lodge, but that distinguished knight decided that his quarters must be on the campus. And so this mansion, with its grey stones and green lawns, Tudor windows, and satinwood wainscoting, parquet floors and immense verandah was inherited by the bachelor professors and the University Clerk of the Works (i.e. the Business Manager) none of whom have maintained its original magnificence. The dining room has become a storeplace for tyres and petrol tins; the parquet floors have faced heavy male feet without the feminine shield of carpets; the lower gardens have been chopped up into sites for small faculty bungalows; the hot water has been turned off and the great brick fireplaces shut off. But it is comfortable, even though living there is similar to living in a deserted English castle.

We (there are only two of us staying here now) have an old Tamil servant named Ambrose, the father of eight unemployed children, and one of the best-travelled men in the island. Ambrose was formerly employed as cook-nurse-houseboy by a Dutch gentleman of Colombo who took him along on business trips in America, Europe and Asia. Ambrose is quite a character. He awakens me each morning with tea—though usually the activity of the neighbors, who like most Ceylonese arise at 5:30, has already disturbed my slumbers—and gabbles away while I disentangle myself from my mosquito net, which is of a garish aqua color that probably frightens mosquitoes more than the mesh forbids them. For breakfast there are eggs which Ambrose has usually mutilated badly, but since I eat on the verandah I observe the new day and can ignore my digestion. Lunch is rice and curry, taken at the University; tea is at 5; and dinner, ordinarily about nine. Ambrose cooks western food "courses" very well, and since it is customary for well-bred Ceylonese to have "courses" in the evening, this is perhaps my favorite meal. It is always fascinating to see what Ambrose's fertile mind and deft fingers will produce next. Ambrose and I are engaged in a tropical fish scheme at the moment. I have produced a large glass vessel and purchase the fish, while my servant-partner provides plants. It will not surprise me at all if the plants are of some sort that eat fish. Both men and vegetables are subtle and curious in this climate. One of the most disconcerting habits of lower-class Ceylonese (and a heritage of the imperialist occupiers), is their calling Americans "master." My Confederate soul suf-

fers anguish whenever this occurs (and it happens every time I speak to anyone of that class!).

And so, perhaps, it appears that I too have fallen into this splendid harmony of man, society and nature—this tropic paradise. Indeed the island has been blessed by nature. Assuredly its people are as generous, as charming, and as unassuming as any in the world. The langourous climate does in fact sap one's energy and lure one to placidity (efficiency is wellnigh impossible in Ceylon); but the symphony of man, nature and society can drown out the cacophony of those same elements only in the ears of the tourist, the unobservant and the ignorant.

It is commonplace to praise the material splendor of this island, and justifiably so. I think deeper reflection demonstrates again that increasing entrapy of the universe which has so delighted mathematicians and statisticians. Nature may run to extremes of beauty here, but it balances its work. The mountains are grand, but they leave little room to grow crops. Tea and rubber are beautiful plants, but they rape the soil. Jungle is glorious, but it must always be fought. There is even a geographic sort of balancing. The upcountry has leeches and a few mosquitoes but no anopheles; the low country has anopheles and millions of other mosquitoes, but no leeches. The low country is easy travelling, but very enervating; the up country is rough travelling, but noticeably invigorating. Flowers, songbirds, palms, bananas, geckos and elephants are ubiquitous; so are snakes, crows, roaches, mongrels, scorpions, nettles, poison plants, crippled buffalo and cattle. Nature may play a symphony here but it is by no means all sweet music. There are sunsets the equivalent of which I shall never again see; and there are monsoon rains that cause your very lungs to feel wet. There are beaches as lovely as Hawaii's and sharks as large as California's. There are mountains as beautifully carved as Norway's, and avalanches that bury eight people at a time.

If nature's discordant note does not strip away the facade of harmony, man's will. The Ceylonese whom I have met have been as pleasant, clever, and fine a group of people as could be found anywhere. I exclude from my mind the beggars, the thieves, the unscrupulous merchants, the fanatics (Buddhist, Christian and Hindu), and the cripples, mental and physical, with which one is constantly in contact in Kandy. These completely captivating Ceylonese also shelter behind their facade of gracious charm a complex and ugly web of hatreds, spites, jealousies and grudges, the disentanglement of which would tax the greatest of minds. The Buddhists distrust the Jaffna Tamils (immigrants from Madras in the middle ages), loathe the Indian Tamils (immigrants from Madras in the British period), and hate the Catholics. The Singhalese fear the Tamil's alien tongue and are doubtful about the language of England. The educated express concern about the ignorant, but the ignorant (the usual phrase is "The Masses") are wise enough to suspect the educated. The Moors and Burghers try to keep alive; the Protestants are too few to matter, but they include the remnants of the British cadre here. The businessmen and the government are at each other's throats; the rich despise the poor; the landlords abuse the peasants, and over all lie the shadows of two caste systems, Singhalese and Hindu. Through this maze emerges a country living completely beyond its means, reproducing at such a rate that the Malthusian question assumes the visual form of babies in every house, on every street, in every yard. By my calculations at least 10 per cent of the women between 15 and 45 years of age in this country are, at any given time, pregnant! It is a society devoted to socialism which here means social justice; full employment, democracy and nationalization of industry in respective order of importance. It is a country which has always had a terribly divided parliament until the last election when a widow was made prime minister. It is a nation the life expectancy of which cannot be great until its divisions and partisanism are

somehow reduced, and the situation shows promise of becoming worse before it becomes better. And yet, though this nation is a sociologist's, psychologist's or political theorist's happy hunting ground, the educated people feel quite optimistically confident.

There is one element of hope which should concern Americans. The students of this University are deadly serious scholars. They are thoroughly capable and competent workers, and maintain a standard as high (if not, indeed, higher) than that of any United States institution with which I am familiar. Most of the staff have been trained in Britain, many have returned with honors, and all with the aim of maintaining a level of work equivalent to that of the University of London's. If they have not completely succeeded, that is not surprising, since the library is not any larger than Davidson's, not much larger than Queens. This is a school of 4,000 elite students, and one of only two college level English speaking schools on the island. The performance of these students, in a language which is usually their second, with no textbooks, and in little barren rooms like monk's cells in Rome, with a library small, out-of-date, and unbalanced, in a university community totally devoid of extracurricular amenities (educational and recreational, which Americans take for granted—book stores, Y-stores, public libraries, movies, football games, night clubs, etc.), and with a course-load half again as large as that of the American student, —is to me both amazing and frightening. The intellectual leadership of the world is likely, I suspect, to become more scattered more quickly than we realize, and that may be good for the United States' position among mankind. It is encouraging, to be sure, to find the capacity of these students so very great; but it is troublesome to reflect that one's own national brethren may not be doing as well in spite of their vastly greater advantages. Of course, mine is one small subject among many, and the bias of the University (again in the British tradition) is in favor of the liberal arts. How the natural sciences and technological subjects fare here I do not really know, though casual observations indicate that local high school physicists do more truly experimental work than do U. S. college students.

Shortly after my arrival I purchased an Austin-Healey so as to fulfill the caricature of the rich ostentatious American, and also because it was cheap and there is no better place for a sports car than the tropics between rains. In this, and with an American colleague, I have travelled a good deal over the island and met many people from different parts of the country. This has confirmed my impression gained from students and colleagues in Peradeniya that there is extraordinary diversity in this country no larger than West Virginia. Galle (pronounced Gaul) is Moorish, humid to the point of being liquid, and a lovely town for tourists. In it as in Jaffna, there is an almost perfectly preserved 17th century Dutch fort, within which the more colorful parts of town are located. Jaffna is hot and dry, Tamil is industrious, and very mundane. There is a fine collection of Hindu shrines and temples there, but the most interesting Buddhist temples are at Dambulla and Kelaniya, the first in the up country, the second across the river from Colombo. Colombo is, like any capital and chief port, sophisticated, sprawling, bustling, and like any low country town, hot. In all these places the people share their characteristic grace and charm, but the variety of attitudes, religions, colors, physiognomies, dress, and politics is seemingly endless. How a nation is to be made from this, I do not know. And yet, while everyone complains that no one else has any national consciousness, no one admits that he himself has no national consciousness. This, together with the dedication and industry of the students, is most encouraging.

Certainly this may be said: if Ceylon cannot work out its domestic squabbles; if it should erupt into civil disturbance, or promote a division of the country, the world will be the loser. This country is not only beautiful, it is delightful. There is a strong sense of democracy, a great respect for law and individual rights under the law, a fervent desire to maintain and fortify independence and the freedom of men and women. There is remarkable sympathy for those ideals and values which we have come to regard as American, though in fact they are taken more for granted in the U. S. than elsewhere. Nature, and man and society are not in harmony here at all; but if the sour notes can be somehow eliminated, this relatively rich, relatively advanced, relatively progressive little island can become a bastion of lovely, pleasant country where ten million human beings can carry on their lives in peace and freedom and with a modicum of dignity. It may not be a "leader of Asia," or a "model for small countries," but it will provide such peace and freedom as few countries possess even now in this year of the Buddha 2504.

The Taller Grass

Push forward the frontiers
To the green trimmed edge of the lawn
(Being careful not to step on the grass)
Radical! Deviate from The Way!
Harsh words for one whose grass grows tall.
So follow, do not lead
Down the clean swept sidewalk
(Being careful not to step on the grass)
For you may make a new path—a new way
Lord Forbid!

—ELEANOR GARST

MISS TILLY

by Celia Ann Overton

Miss Tilly stood in the doorway of her little room. The chill of a late March day sent shivers down her spine. "My, my," she exclaimed, "what a lovely afternoon for a fire. It will be so very cozy and delightful!" She closed the door and walked across a worn rug to lay her satchel, filled with themes to grade, on the desk.

Just then a fine yellow cat stretched, yawned, and lazily left the overstuffed chair where she had been snoozing. She padded toward Miss Tilly and rubbed against her thin legs, trying to show affection as well as receive it. "Matilda, you naughty girl! You've done nothing but sleep all day, and now you want me to spend all my time loving you. Well, dear, you'll just have to wait awhile."

Miss Tilly's frail hands laid the pieces of wood and coal in the charred fireplace. The flames licked upward from the blackened grate and shed warmth that took the chill from the room. She had put the kettle on to boil and soon it began to sing from its place on the stove. Miss Tilly busied herself going from one cupboard to another searching for goodies that she had hidden away. She carried her tray to the coffee table in front of the fire and gently placed it there. Matilda eyed the little cakes, but she began to croon when she spied her very own bowl of milk.

Miss Tilly sat there in front of the now glowing fire. And she smiled to herself and Matilda. "My, this *is* cozy! Just Matilda and me and this lovely fire." But her tired eyes stared deep into the flames and they were full of loneliness.

A knock sounded at the door. Miss Tilly and Matilda jumped up at the sound indicating a visitor. "Oh, a guest for tea!" Miss Tilly happily surveyed her neat little room. "Someone who will come in and talk and enjoy this lovely fire with Matilda and me." Miss Tilly smoothed her black dress and patted back a stray strand of hair. She rushed to the door in anticipation and turned the knob. The door opened, and there revealed in the half-light was a boy of twelve shuffling his feet. "Do you have any old newspapers to give to our scrap-paper drive at school, M'am?" he stammered.

"Well, no, I – – –," Miss Tilly began.

"Thanks anyway," the young boy interrupted. He quickly wheeled around and bounded down the stairs. She stood and sadly watched him go, then turning she faced her fire; the glow was gone. Miss Tilly sighed and sat back down in front of her tea tray, alone . . . as night began to gather.

Blind Poet

The darkness eats
The closing light
And I am left
With empty sight
To search for truth
In poet night
Where words of love
Have taken flight.

Within myself
I try to find
Some comfort in
A tortured mind
That now in black
Is neatly lined
And leaves no trace
Of hope behind.

—BETTY JENKINS

Impression of a Storm

leaves rustling bustling flurrying fall
down down down twisting
as they are hurled through the air
and splat with heavy rains on the
quivering glittering grass and
glistening pavement
lightning flashes in streaks as
wavering branches bend low and
thunder grumbles rumbles rolls
across the heavens through the
innermost parts of the earth
with each new forceful pressing
gust of wind rain in droplets
sweeps full across the town
lights gleam in terrifying
yet exhilarating darkness
people are running shouting
crying against the night
skirts blowing heads are
lowered as trees bend heavily
weighted down by swishing leaves
pushed pulled this way that
clash of thunder flash of light
spirits soar with excitement
fear and wonder
little is still while
seas of endless sound fling
themselves into the night for
all to hear and heed

—CAROL ANN SPEAKE

TIFFINI AND THE CRAB SALAD

Jane Paden

Tiffini, love of Amorallis, enemy of mice, a voluptuous, spoiled silver tabby Persian cat, lay on the floor, forsaking her usual place on the Oriental rug. The day was hot even for a cat. Her usual languid movements slowed even more to a quick pant, a yawn, an occasional twitch or a half enthusiastic stretch. It was a lazy afternoon, yet it had an air of anticipation about it. Surely something was about to happen. Tiffini was tired, though, and ignored the hustle in the kitchen and the hurried trips to the dining room. The French mosaic ticked on, Tiffini breathed slower, and with no effort was soon asleep.

It was hot in the kitchen, too, but the invitations had been sent, preparations had been made and the luncheon must go on. Amorallis, Madison Square's middle-aged socialite, with bare feet and sweating forehead, sat on a bar stool in her Vanity Fair slip picking out crab meat for all she was worth. Purity, her well-rounded maid, sat next to her.

"We done picked a heap of crabs, Miss Amorallis—you reckon we'll ever reach de end?"

Amorallis mustered up an appearance of optimism and pointed to the mound.

"What's the matter, Purity? We'll be through in no time!" Secretly she marveled over the impression her crab salad would make on the élite who were soon to devour it. Imagine a hostess taking time to pick crab meat to give it the further freshness and luxury it would have for her guests! Naturally this would be another social first. She smiled and wiped the sweat beads from her forehead. It would be worth it, she thought.

"Miss Tiffini sure has de proper idea, don't she, Miss Amorallis?"

They smiled at the sleeping cat, both wishing for her lack of responsibility and hours of leisure. The time ticked by and the crab meat piled higher in the china bowl. The ten o'clock sun was high in the sky, while the perspiration count increased. Purity mumbled, while Amorallis reminded her that there were only twenty-three channel-crabs left to do.

"Thank the Lord!" moaned Purity as she unsuccessfully wiped her face with her black upper arm.

The phone rang. Purity got up, wiped her crabby hands on a misplaced dish towel and answered the phone.

"Miss Sonoborne's . . . Yes, just a minute please!"

"Miss Amorallis, Mrs. Viola Linsay say her doctor has tol' her to stay in. Ain't got over her operation yet. Bladder trouble, but she just couldn't miss your luncheon. Says she don't want to bother you, just wants to let you know she's coming."

"Tell Viola I hope she'll be feeling better soon, and that I am honored to know she is breaking her doctor's regulations to come this afternoon."

Purity relayed the message and hung up the phone.

"Right many women is a coming dis afternoon, ain't they, Miss Amorallis?"

"Thirty-one, including Mrs. Linsay," Amorallis answered.

Finally a grunt of triumph announced that the last crab had come to view. The phone rang. Purity answered it.

"For you, Miss Amorallis."

Amorallis wiped her hands on her slip and answered the extension phone in her lavender bedroom.

"Oh, hello dear." It was Mrs. Osgood, her guest of honor.

"One minute." She cupped her hand over the receiver. "Purity, go get the clothes off the line. The yard must not look cluttered." She had heard that Mrs. Osgood's favorite dish was crab salad, and crab salad on a hot day would be delightful. Mrs. Osgood was to deliver a speech on the place of women in the community, and the world. How fortunate she was that her luncheon had not conflicted with Mrs. Osgood's calendar! Their conversation was short. Amorallis placed the receiver on the hook, glanced at the dresser clock, and rushed to the kitchen. She froze in the doorway. Her rouged, humid face turned oyster grey. She muted a scream with her hand. Surely it couldn't be true. The sight of Tiffini in the crab salad bowl, pawing and licking, enjoying an occasional gulp! She gathered her wits, grabbed Tiffini around the middle, scolded and spanked her and threw her bodily out the back door. Purity, unaccustomed to such violence, came running with the wash basket, and the clothespins falling out of their striped bag.

"What *am* the trouble, Miss Amorallis?" Purity asked, puffing.

At the sight of the long grey hair in the crab meat, Purity plopped the clothes basket on the floor and sat with a thump on the kitchen chair.

"No, Miss Amorallis, say it ain't so!" She examined the hair. "That vile Miss Tiffini!" she said, "What we going to do?"

Each remembering the seven early hours they had devoted to the crab salad realized that they could not and would not repeat the performance. Amorallis inspected the contents of the bowl, poking her fingers into the lower regions. Tiffini's hair could be found only on the top layer. How fortunate. She secured a large kitchen spoon from the cabinet and proceeded to scoop the top layer off.

"There, who'd ever guess?" she sighed, as the last scoopful was removed. She placed a wax paper cover over the salad, and placed the bowl in the refrigerator to cool. Informing Purity that she was about to take a shower, she

went to her room to prepare for her guests. She pulled her white linen sunback from the closet, and, discovering its wrinkled appearance, called Purity and asked her to iron it. As casually as possible she suggested that she take a bath and put on her starched party uniform. As she turned on the shower she was careful to get the exact temperature, cool enough to avoid ruined curls, yet warm enough to make the day seem cooler when she stepped out. The water beat down on her body, and she sponged as quickly and as thoroughly as possible. Then she stepped out and dried, marveling at her new clean feeling and the absence of crab odor under her nails. She swatted her shoulders and back with dusting powder, and sneezed. She moved with a flush of determination and an air of pride as foundation, powder, mascara, eyeshadow, rouge, and lipstick were applied with the strictest care. Time was short, but she must look neither overdone, nor hastily slapped together. Her girdle was pulled over her hips with a minimum of difficulty. She slipped her dress carefully over her head, stuffed her slip into the laundry shute, and patted her cheeks. A reassuring glance in the gilded floor-length mirror told her she was the picture of the perfect hostess. Her tan body provided a striking contrast to her pearl necklace, white linen and ash blonde hair. She did the necessary straightening of her room and rushed into the dining room. The table was lovely. Purity might not have been a marvel in some ways, but in spirit she was an artist. The buffet was covered with a sand-colored linen cloth overlaid by a fish net. A centerpiece of shells and a large red crab added the final touch of genius. The crab salad in its large sea shell bowl and the wooden cork saucers of potato sticks and crab apples completed the colorful table. The iced tea sat on an adjacent sideboard in a sweating pitcher.

The guests came promptly at one-fifteen. Their particular rank socially was flaunted before all in their dress, jewelry, and manner of speech. All enjoyed the crab salad. Mrs. Antworthy had announced that it had taken a fine gourmet to achieve that special flavor. Yes, all had enjoyed Amorallis's crab salad—all except Mrs. Osgood. Unfortunately Mrs. Osgood, the guest of honor, was allergic to crab meat. Amorallis had misunderstood. The prim Mrs. Ammertome, wife of Union Commercial Bank's president, had died a thousand deaths on dropping her entire plate upside down into her lap. All had been entertained and at length bored with the escapades of Mrs. O'Neil's two prudish children—Humphrey, at Harvard, and Marlene at Vassar. They were forever getting awards in science and bacteriology, but occasionally finding time to experience what others experienced in the daily round. Mrs. Linsay gave a detailed account of her bladder operation, which stimulated others previously in the background of the conversation to relate similar experiences, between dainty gulps of crab salad. Last, but far from least, Mrs. Abernathy reviewed her experiences abroad thirty years ago, describing in great detail sweltering days in the markets of France, and tiring trips in Switzerland. The luncheon had ended with a rustle of silk, bastistes, glazed cottons, and compliments, not to mention exclamations over the food and how it must have taken hours to prepare.

Mrs. Abernathy was the last to leave, still explaining with great gusto

the lavish parties she had attended in Rome. A remarkable success, Amorallis thought, as she waved goodbye from the doorway. She closed the door and plopped on the white sofa in the dining room, and lit a cigarette. She inhaled . . . a success—the salad had been a success. A soft breeze came through the east window. Amorallis blew out the smoke in a crazy circle and watched it disappear. She had thoroughly enjoyed her own party, and had been invited to three others. What bliss! She pondered over what to wear to Mrs. Osgood's dinner party two weeks hence. Thinking she heard Tiffini scratching at the back door she went to let her in. There on the porch to her horror and grief lay Tiffini, dead, and growing stiffer with each minute. Amorallis grabbed the dead cat in her arms in an effort to comfort it. Purity rushed upstairs from the basement at the sound of Amorallis' deep sobs.

"What the matter, Miss Amorallis?" Her question went unanswered as she began to cry at a higher pitcher than her employer. She snorted in her handkerchief, and then stared at Amorallis, who had a stony gaze on her face.

"Food poisoning, Purity, Food Poisoning!"

The hospital was called immediately. Amorallis, humiliated completely, began the alarm, calling her guests, all except Mrs. Osgood, and asking each to call another, as this might be a matter of life and death. The thirty guests were all summoned, and soon met in the emergency ward of Mercy Hospital, with Purity and Amorallis. Each went into the adjoining room, and had her stomach pumped. Amorallis squirmed at the thought of such prominent women as Mrs. Ammertome, Linsay and Abernathy in the emergency ward having their stomachs pumped! But at any rate, they were all alive. Things could be worse, but not more mortifying. The doctor informed Amorallis that all were safe, although a little shaken, and that "it could have happened to anyone." She made out a check and thanked the doctor. Apologizing once more, she climbed with Purity into her Austin, and drove slowly and silently back to her residence. She parked the car in the garage, unlocked the front door, went into the house. She placed her gloves on the hall table, kicked her shoes off en route, and sat on the living room sofa. Thoughts of further parties were gone. All that remained concerned her poor dead Tiffini, and her wild afternoon. She was tired—she needed a vacation—social life was too strenuous for her. The back door opened with a creak. Thelma, her next door neighbor, entered the dark living room.

"Amorallis, I didn't want to ruin your party," she said sheepishly, "I'm so terribly sorry! I ran over Tiffini while backing out of my garage."

BLUE

by Carol Cochran

Blue is the color of the spectrum that is found between green and violet; it is a primary color and is considered to be "cool." But blue is much more than just the sensation produced by light waves of one length that are carried to the retina of the eye.

Blue is many things. It is the sky on a picnic afternoon; it is a baby's eyes; it is the bird that represents happiness in children's fairy tale books. A baby in his crib kicks a small foot up to show a tiny, blue bootee—blue for masculinity. His sister has a blue ribbon in her blonde curls,—the blue ribbon that all little girls wear.

Blue is the shiny, new bicycle that is under the Christmas tree, and blue will be the bruises on the little owner's legs as he struggles to master the art of riding it.

Blue are the stones sparkling in the fraternity pin so proudly worn by the co-ed; and blue are the ribbons on her birthday presents, just like the ones that tied up her roller skates and doll clothes so long ago.

To a Navy wife, blue is her husband's uniform, and blue is the sea—shining in the sun—her husband's mistress.

Blue is not a warm color, and when used alone it is not a gay or a loud color. For many it is a favorite color. It is the color of dreams; the blue of the favorite room in a dream house, the baby blue of a teen-ager's dream convertible, and the blue that is a traditional part of the day every girl dreams of—something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

A Village in Wales

by C. Glyn Williams

Dr. C. Glyn Williams, a visiting lecturer in the department of Economics, came to Queens College from Letteston, Wales, after graduate work at the University of Virginia. He describes for us here life in his village after the Second World War.

I was born and reared in the village of Letteston in the country of Wales. Letteston is centrally located, making it easily accessible for county fairs and trade fairs. For this reason the people of my village regard themselves as somewhat superior to the people of the neighboring towns. We are located only five miles from the sea on the northeastern edge of the peninsula. The proximity of the seat has influenced the occupations of our people, most of them being trade or merchant mariners. Until the time of the Second World War, our village was steeped with custom and tradition that is still dear to all native Welshmen.

Today, however, it is impossible to think of any aspect of life in the village that has not been affected by the Second World War. In fact, we can commend the village life in terms of the changes that were brought about as a result of the army camps located a few miles away. The whole life of the village was disturbed by their presence. The soldiers were camped in the mountains near by, and on Saturday nights swamped down on the village. Many of the Americans married girls from the district; many more loved them. I was young at the time, and just could not understand why relations amongst the Allies could be so bad. But the girls knew and Nasser's bargaining between the East and West had nothing on the way the girls realized the value of the competitive system. However, and more seriously, the war brought with it changes in the employment structure, in social habits and practices, in the intensity of class loyalties, in the status of woman, in methods of farming and production, and in the agrarian nature of the village people.

During the war, the whole area became a vast ammunition dump. Military establishments provided alternative employment for the men who were not in the Forces. The old occupation of farm laboring, road laying and repairing, and the provision of services, lost laborers to higher paying government work, and for the first time labor acquired a dignity of its own.

This in turn affected the methods of farming in the district. In pre-war days hay and corn harvests were major events in the village life. Usually families worked in groups to provide the help required for the harvest work. The acute shortage of labor served to change all this. Mobilization and the higher wages elsewhere took away labor. Britain depended more than ever on its own agricultural industry to meet at least a part of its need for food. Mechanization of the industry occurred rapidly and Britain's agricultural industry became overnight one of the most highly mechanized in the world.

Even today, the groups still meet for the actual harvesting of the crops, but what formerly took days, now takes hours. What was once accompanied by much fun and merrymaking

is no longer leisurely. Children, especially, used to await impatiently the coming of the hay-harvest—the rides to the hayfields in carts, and at the end of the day if one had been especially helpful, a ride into the yard on the top of the hay load—a concession which the other children would view with envy. Also, if the elders were not too observant one might sneak a glass of the home-brewed beer which flowed freely on the day of the harvest. Sometimes it flowed too freely and the day would end in a glorious hymn-singing, while the unfinished haystack tilted dangerously, propped up by an array of wooden poles. If the beer were not finished when the nights became cooler, there would be beer to warm on the fire and sugared to wash down the Welsh cakes as a bedtime snack. Women and children drank this; the men always preferred it cold. My mother brewed each year at harvest time. There would be a blazing fire in the yard and the water boiling in a big 20 gallon zinc bath. Into this went the hops and barley and yeast, and a handful of nettles to strengthen it "just a bit."

Now, there is not time. No longer is there home-brew in a row of earthen jars, only cider brought from the "pub" and carried to the fields in bottles. And my mother will say, "Tut, tut, there's no need for beer. They're only in the field an hour anyway." The men have never really adapted themselves to this aspect of the new society.

Another aspect of the change, and one which testifies to the higher quality of life where economic insecurity at low income levels no longer prevails, is the disappearance of the salted pig from the rafters of the village homes. Pig killing day was terrible. There was an air of sadness in the house. My mother would invariably be upset because each year she would succeed in giving the pig a personality of its own. And on the scheduled day it was as if an innocent friend were being executed. When it was over, however, there would be pork every day for a while, and broth made from salted pork with a whole array of vegetables boiled along with it. Except for Sundays this would be our daily fare. Now pigs are produced for the market; money is now the thing that counts.

These are but two facets of the agrarian peasant life which have passed. Excellent Welsh novels of this life still appear from time to time. But they are written by an older generation and are tinged with a despairing and frustrated nostalgia for an age that was cruel and primitive but in which there were many joys that can no longer be found.

The war also affected the class consciousness in the village. In pre-war days, the village people could be classified in groups according to four major characteristics. The upper class were people belonging to the Church of England, wealthy, English speaking, and Conservative. The lower class were Non-Conformist (Baptist or Methodist), poor or at least owning no land other than that which they themselves worked, Welsh speaking, and either Labour or Liberal in politics.

To some extent these divisions are apparent even today. In the village itself there is one Church, one Baptist chapel, and one Independent chapel. To the Church go those families whose loyalties, for any of several reasons, have always lain far more with England than with Wales and things Welsh—the traditional landowners. The squires have always looked to England as their natural homeland. In their households English has always been the language used; the newspapers they read have been English; their loyalty to the Crown has been unflinching; their sons have attended prep schools in England; their daughters have always married Englishmen (and always, so it was said, into "Society"); their politics have been Conservative. They remained always aloof to village life per se, except for their attendance at Church functions. The Church has also claimed the servants who came from England to work at their mansions. To a large extent these class patterns are still evident.

To the chapels, on the other hand, go the people of Welsh descent—the smallholders and the propertyless, the business people; the people who vote Liberal or Labour in elections; the dis-

senters and reformers; the people to whom England is a different country from Wales, to whom allegiance to the Crown is borne because of the respect it commands and because it is consistent with their regard for the language and culture of Wales; and whose affection for Wales is inextricably bound up with their love of religion and the social activities connected with it. They sing praises of the country and its religion, describing it as "Our beloved Wales, the land of religious revivals" and of "hymn-singing and preaching festivals." These are a sad, emotional people, much less materialistic than their English counterparts, and much less prone to self-discipline. They are easily roused to sorrow or anger, yet just as easily pacified by the singing of a hymn or an oratorical voice. They love to sing, especially hymns. The singing of hymns is not always confined to a chapel, either. Tourists will probably stand agog as they listen to a quartet, slightly the worse for drink, harmonizing beautifully the strains of a hymn that must go straight to Heaven. At the soccer matches it is not unusual to hear 50,000 voices unite in "Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah," or to attend a funeral where the singing is much more important than the meeting of the departed soul with its Creator.

The war did not destroy these patterns; it reduced consciousness of them—hymn-singing, class divisions, customs, all. It did so by reducing poverty, by securing greater equalitarianism of income and opportunity, by its surgence of a materialism and Anglicization that broke the Welsh people from their religion and linguistic molds. It brought industry and an impetus to nobility; universal higher education and intermarriage with English workers and soldiers.

These things reduced the hold of long-ingrained habits. The religious life of the village declined in importance, and at Prayer Meetings the quotation "Where ever two or three are gathered togther . . ." came to have a more real meaning; the place of the village choir was taken over by the Youth Club, the Air Training Corps, the Army Cadet Force, the Women's Institute. In pre-war days the competitive meetings for folk-dancing, singing by soloists, groups, and choir, "Penillion" singing with harp accompaniment, were annual events for which great preparation was made. Now, the events are less frequent. Dances now take place frequently, though "rock-and-roll" is to be only a small part of the dancing repertoire. Waltzes, modern and old-fashioned, foxtrots and quicksteps are still the most popular dances on the village dance floor. Changes in food have taken place with the greater variety and daintier preparation of English meals replacing the Welsh broth, cheese, potatoes and bread that had been the mainstays of Welsh cooking up to the war. Marriages now take place at an earlier age, marrying ages for men and women being around 23-24 and 20-21 respectively. Marriage before college days are over is still a rarity, partly because incomes of parents do not lend themselves to supporting two families, and partly because academic standards are too demanding to allow for supplementary work by the students.

I have tried to convey some impression of my village and its people. Change has come rapidly with its attendant benefits and costs. We may bemoan the loss of many of the old features of village life, but we must not over-emphasize them. There is very little poverty and much greater security in Wales today. Most important of all perhaps, there is a much greater degree of self-assertion existing among these people. This is reflected in a greater confidence on the part of each individual. He realizes that his station in life is not determined by some God-ordained pattern, but is a function of his own ambition, determination and initiative.

Party

Through the gloomy, wet streets
with their tall, close buildings—
up the shadowy stairs
past a mock gold-edged mirror
revealing a wide red mouth
excited, anticipating
sounds drift down the narrow hall
A door opens—
yellow light dances on the worn carpet
smoked clouds fuse in an overcrowded room
flushed faces—their shrill laughter
pierces the noise
and the smoke—
the room throbs with rhythm
glasses are filled and emptied
and filled again
candles slide slowly into shapeless mass
the hours pass in warm
easy intimacy
with a kiss and an ashtray.

—SARAH ANN JENNETTE

A Mission Accomplished

by Genie Stallworth

The moon lit the path of a slow-moving, low, slightly rounded form as it emerged from the sea, dragging its weighty body across the hard, wet sand until it reached the soft white beach beyond. This female sea turtle, stretched herself out on the beach, limbs extended, as one might do when taking a sun bath. She seemed to be almost an exact replica of the tiny turtles children buy in dime stores, except that her size was so many times multiplied. The greenish-brown shell on her back looked like a warped tile floor, oblong, with rounded corners. The skin on her neck and legs was dark and wrinkled, giving the impression that she was a lady of many years. Her eyes—those doleful eyes—stared into the darkness, seeing nothing. All of her attention was focused on the matter at hand.

Gradually the turtle began to move her hind legs, slowly at first, then faster, in an outward sweeping motion, until she had dug a deep, narrow hole. Her legs again relaxed. A ripple of movement passed through her body, and a smooth white egg a little larger than a golf ball dropped into the hole. The strain of this giving a part of herself was shown by the tears that rolled down her leathery face. One by one the eggs dropped until the hole was half full. Again the hind legs began to move, this time in an inward motion, until the turtle had covered the eggs and packed the sand close down over them.

Raising her heavy body, the turtle moved back toward the sea. Weariness was shown in each awkward step. She plodded along with struggling movements until she reached the water—her home. Then, without a backward glance, she gracefully glided out through the foaming breakers. Her mission had been accomplished.

Alone in a Crowd

by Lynn Woodward

"Hey, get your five-star final edition! Final edition! Nixon to be in city! Five-star final edition!" The old man's shrill voice was the only thing that separated him from the bustle of Atlanta's heavy five o'clock traffic. His screech seemed to be that of a lonely frightened bird. Drizzle turned to rain, and the air grew heavier as the crowd jostled, bumped and pushed their way to any kind of shelter. Now and then the outstretched palm closed on a nickel as one, then another stopped to patronize the orange-crate newspaper stand. The pink front page turned pinker as the rain seeped into its pores. The old man's cracked lips held a homemade cigarette which went out as it got rain-soaked, though a three-day beard protected his wrinkled face from the wet. Now someone else's nickel dropped in his dirty apron, and another pink sheet became pinker. A miniature waterfall poured from the brim of his sweat-soiled hat and landed on his print-stained shirt. The blue and green palm trees on his genuine hand-painted tie glistened as drops of rain ran down their trunks.

"Hey, get your final five-star paper! Get your final edition!" His cry changed to a plea as the crowd thinned out, and then his sopping sandals carried him off in search of a better stand.

Plea

by Marian Rogers

There is considerable difference between men and women—and vive la différence—but I wish there weren't quite so much, in some ways. I mean —well, it seems to me that women, in their quest for equal billing, sometimes forget that they are women. Do they really *want* a single standard? And if an occasional woman is found who does sincerely desire this, has she bridged the psychological gap between men and women and become a shapeless blob of both? Isn't being a woman a proper thing to strive for any more?

Now, men work in the opposite direction. They have a mania for their own kind of strength: moral, physical, Spartan. Men have a passion for manliness; they can't cry, they mustn't limp, they dare not be too visibly touched. For a man, it is enough to be strong; to be a Man! But I think that a man's strength can be his weakness, because human frailties and admissions that endear us to each other can sometimes convey more strength than perfectly undiluted masculinity.

Dispense not with the strength! But be a hero with misgivings, a neighbor who doesn't think that kindness is effeminate, a father who is the stronger for a bond of affection brought about by his own humility and compassion. Everybody is inadequate in some ways, and pure strength can't comfort those who struggle with the lack of it.

The Desire To Please

by Genie Stallworth

Ever since I could remember, my father had talked about getting a horse someday; and that day had finally arrived. Daddy missed the farm life he had had as a boy, and wanted my brother and me to have the experience of knowing animals, of handling them, and enjoying them. I can still see the excitement on his face as he gently led our new horse, Sally, from the trailer. She was a dainty chestnut, and in no time was prancing around the lot behind our house.

I had never been around horses, and although I thought they were beautiful animals, my intense fear made me believe that I'd much rather keep them at a distance than not. The minute I saw my father with Sally, though, I knew I had a task ahead of me. I was going to overcome my fear of horses and learn to ride.

Late every afternoon Dad would saddle Sally—while I stood on the other side of the fence—and then call me. With a lump in my throat I would have to go to him. Shaking, I mounted; stiffly I sat. Round and round the crude riding ring Sally and I traveled, first in a slow walk, later in a jog trot, finally in a canter. Daddy would stand in the center of the ring shouting instructions. "Keep your heels down, Genie! Relax, and stick to the horse—you're bouncing too much! Hold with your legs! Your arms and hands should be limber, but firm! Sally wants to do what you want her to do, but you'll have to *show* her!" Round we'd go—over and over every day, Daddy shouting orders, and I trying to obey. Riding just didn't come naturally to me, and the frustration I felt would come brimming over in tears. As every minute of riding was hard work to me, I couldn't enjoy those afternoon sessions. So many times I felt like giving up completely, but Daddy would smile and say, "You're doing fine, Baby!", and bring my determination up to the sticking point again.

Gradually I began to feel more comfortable around Sally. I found out that her snorting was not a forewarning of a more fierce action; that her stopping in her tracks was a sign for me to swat a horse fly. The mechanics of riding became easier, and I finally relaxed.

Now that I look back on those days, months, years of struggle, I realize that what I accomplished for the sake of my father I was really accomplishing for myself as well. I have found a joy in riding that cannot even be expressed—and Daddy delights in my joy. But it was only through love and the desire to please that I found the determination to succeed.

MUSINGS OF AN OLD SAILOR

by Sally Ann Wyatt

I am an old man now. I have sailed on the sea for nigh on to sixty years. The sea is my life, my love, my home, my happiness and joy. I have seen her in all of her moods: soft and sweet as a new-born babe, slightly flustered as a wet hen, tumultuous as only the sea can be. I saw the clipper ships take the place of the old-fashioned ships. I never thought the clipper ships would make it, but they did. I've sailed on many an old-fashioned ship and said to myself, "This is *the* ship. Nothing can beat this old gal. She is truly the queen of the sea." But old McKay did it when he put that clipper ship on the sea.

The sea didn't like that ship much, either. I remember the first one I sailed on. The sea threw an awful fit. She raged for twelve days without stoppin'. She screamed and wailed and slapped the ship on all sides with her mighty waves.

Yes, I have seen many things in my lifetime. Young sailors say to me, "Old Man, the sea is not a person. She has no feeling; she can't talk. Nor can she hear and understand what you say to her." But they are wrong! She can talk! She can hear and understand! She even has a lover! Her lover is the moon. She worships him. She does the moon's slightest bidding. The moon loves her, too. Just look at the beautiful light he bestows upon her. She loves it! When the moon is shining on her, she is more soft and pleasant than when a cloud soaks up all the moonbeams. The moonbeams dance on the sea's surface. When they tickle her, she giggles. Some nights, I have sat and listened to the sea laughing for hours.

Ah, but she's not always laughing. She and the moon, like all lovers, have quarrels. When this happens, the sea can be very cruel—even to an old friend like me. I have seen her in such a fit of anger that she would crush a ship as I would break a matchstick.

Sometimes she is in a playful mood. She tosses the ships about on her waters. Often, she tosses our ships so much that she spills all of our drinking water. Then, when we try to drink the sea water, she laughs at us.

Wait, young man! Let me tell you a story about me and the sea. When I was a lad of eighteen, I set sail in a vessel for the first time. There were about ten other boys on the ship who were about my age. They laughed and made fun of the sea. She heard them laughing at her. She became angry. Then, she and the moon summoned up a horrible storm that raged for several days. During that storm, our ship capsized. We managed to salvage a few of

the lifeboats. Every one of those sailors who had ridiculed the sea were tossed up and down and swallowed by the sea; but she spared my life. You see, son, the sea knows who loves her.

A sailor, lonesome for people to talk to, finds solace in the sea. When I had to spend several hours in the crow's nest, I always talked to the sea. She and I carried on some pretty amusing conversations. You say, "Old man, you are insane! The sea cannot carry on a conversation." But you are mistaken. The sea talks with her playful waves, slapping the sides of the ship. The porpoises jumping up and down in the water speak for the sea. Yes, the sea talks. She has seen much and she tells much to those who take the time to listen.

I am old now and I must soon die. That is one thing the sea doesn't understand—death. She hates for the people she loves to leave her. Therefore, my last wish is to be buried at the bottom of the sea. She was my home while I lived and, as I am dying, she will always be my home. Goodbye, young man, and try to explain my death to the sea!

I See

I am blind.
I see not diamonds
In deep, velvet heavens.
I am blind
And do not see moon-silver on forest green.
For me sun has no dazzle.
But without eyes I see all—
God.

—VALERIE BURNIE

WHEN I AM ALONE

When I am alone
I realize more completely that I am a living being, unique in that there is no other being in the universe exactly like me. I realize, too, that I am self-conscious and that I have a definite relationship to all other beings.

When I am alone
I realize that there is a part of me that reaches out to some Supreme Being for guidance and purpose, and that this part of me is what will live when time itself is lost in the vastness of infinity.

When I am alone
I realize that I am a thinking being capable of making decisions, both right and wrong. I know that within me there is a conscience which helps me to choose that path which somehow I know is best, but from which I, in my weakness, often stray.

When I am alone
I realize that I am free, yet I know that there are responsibilities coupled with my freedom. I am not as carefree as a bird winging its way through the sky, yet I rejoice that I am a human being.

When I am alone
I realize that my emotions are what make me truly alive and keep my life from being a dull and joyless existence.

When I am alone
I realize that there is yet another part of me, my intellect, which searches for truth and beauty, and which relates my thoughts to give me some truer picture of the world around me and my part in it.

Yes, this is me as I seem to myself when I am alone.
But wait!
I am not alone.
God has been patiently watching over me all the while.

—Marilyn Mason

I Have No Love

I have no love in me for mortal creature;
No pity for any, not even the humble beseecher
Who would give me that for which in vain
I struggle. My tears, more empty than the rain,
Fall unheeded on the hardness of my heart,
To force us farther and still farther apart.

When folly overcomes me, I search for a place to weep,
While those on whom I call lie peacefully asleep.
I drive them on before me, till . . .
One by one, they drop away, and all is still.
My heaving, self-pitying sobs can not fill the void,
And restore to me the love I have destroyed.

Hear my words and fly to yonder place,
Where understanding offers its embrace!
There is no happiness or sympathy in my song;
You need not tell me what I know . . . that I am wrong.

—BARBARA RIDDLE

AURORA

by Betty Jenkins

The streets were dark when I first entered the Village. I walked toward Washington Square slowly gauging each step so that I would know exactly how long it would take until I was on the great white way of the Village . . . McDougal Street. Down two blocks; and then I turned into the musty darkness of the coffeehouse. The lights glowed somberly as I sank down into the empty chair at the small deserted table in the far corner. I ordered black coffee and then leaned back aware of a sense of peace for the first time in many days. Slowly my vision cleared and faces began to materialize. The first person to come into view was old Hank. He was a folksinger . . . one of the best in the country. He nodded before reeling off with his guitar slung at a slant over his sloping tired shoulders. Other faces appeared, and suddenly someone got up and slowly approached the table where I sat. It was Bob . . . poet, actor, you name it . . . that's Bob. I was glad to see him; he owed me five dollars. Warily Bob looked at me for awhile; then, while I thoughtfully stirred my coffee, he came alive and asked how Jane was. I had to tell him that she had died during the night. We sat in silence and then he left, leaving me to mull over the events of the past few days. Jane was my wife and now she was dead. She had been driving around with an old friend of hers when the car took a dive into the river. The friend was killed then, but Jane lived on, for awhile in semi-consciousness . . . knowing that she couldn't live. The thought reeled through my tired empty brain. Slowly the tears began to run gently down my cheeks. I didn't try to brush them aside, but let them stream down as a last memorial to Jane. Again I felt the table rock as someone let himself down into the vacant chair. I didn't look up until I felt a soft hand gently pressing down on my hand that had now turned into a clenched fist. A stranger sat there . . . a girl. She didn't say anything, just sat holding my hand until the fist relaxed. Then smiling, she rose and made her way out of the dusky light of the coffee house. I watched her go . . . then the bursting need for her silent understanding drove me out of my chair and out onto the cold damp cement. I caught up with her just under the monument, and the sun was throwing its first rays of light into the park as we walked under the old stone arch hand in hand.

The Dana Scholarship Program

by Beth Rivers

A college community is identified by the standards it sets for its students, and characterized by the student's ability to uphold these standards. One college community might be compared to a pond that simply collects the ideas of professors and textbooks, while another might be compared to a fountain that incorporates new facts, afore-learned knowledge, and original concepts, and converts them into conclusions to be shared freely and discussed openly. The Dana Scholarship program inaugurated this year seems to be another great step toward converting Queens into a more fountain-like college.

Charles A. Dana created this scholarship program to give "special honor, special privilege, and special responsibility" to outstanding students. The Queens College bulletin states that the college "obligates itself to do all in its power to help these students explore the full range of their potentialities" and "develop methods of critical and imaginative analysis which will help them become self-directing." With this plan students have the possibility of enriching our entire educational system here at Queens.

The Dana program is designed to dramatize learning. It accomplishes this by recognizing the scholar for her achievements and by allowing her to participate in a program of study and work concentrated toward developing the gifted student. Students that have proved themselves capable in high school and college are not simply recognized verbally, but are rewarded with financial grants. The grants range from one hundred dollars for those who have no need, up to fourteen hundred dollars, almost three-fourths of the tuition.

Try to picture an average student in the average classroom. The professor lectures, the student takes notes, and on the test he simply restates the professor's ideas. The subject matter is taught to benefit the class as a whole, not geared specifically to the student of higher or lower ability, but the student of average mentality. In the Dana scholarship seminar no more than fifteen students of similar aptitude gather around a table with a professor to voice opinions, to share ideas, and to explore new worlds. The seminar provides the sense of leisure Dean Larson so sincerely advocates. The scholar is given only a limited amount of explicit assignments. This means that she can use her time freely to continue studying any area of the prescribed assignment she finds challenging and interesting. The gifted student may search far below the surface to discover endless tunnels which lead to knowledge she never knew existed. She learns what it means to go beyond simply accepting and completing a given task. For the first time she may be introduced to the

excitements, joys, and rewards of the real learning that Queens advocates.

The third step toward dramatizing learning allows the student to work with, not simply for, a professor as a scholar assistant. It has been proved that assistance to the college gives the conscientious student a sense of independence in being of some service. The work is adapted to the student and her interests in a preferred field of study.

Precisely what effect will the Dana program have upon the college? It seems to me that the habit of freely questioning and analyzing ideas will carry over into all subjects and classes, and will substitute sincere debate for artificial discussion. The opportunity for directed research and independent study may create in more students the desire to go on with some questions they have not been able to answer. It may create in some a need to pursue some question further in graduate school. With the establishment of the program and the changes it will effect, the whole attitude toward education on the campus of Queens should attract more students of a high caliber, and thus raise the educational standards of the college. The graduates she then produces should reveal more fountain-like characteristics as they leave Queens to serve modern America and the world.

Good Old Days

Memories linger of
"good old days"
truth is dim
too often things
then seemed sad
troubles magnified
problem brick walls
impossible to see through
yet reminiscing
forgotten is reality
leaving only gay
happy days and
treasured moments
memories fail—
life's worth living

—CAROL ANN SPEAKE

Operation-Crossroads Africa

These are excerpts from a speech made in assembly this fall by Miss Judy Fisher. Judy was a member of the 1960 Operation-Crossroads Africa, which included two hundred American college students. The principle objective of this group was to bring North American students into direct contact with their counterparts in Africa. Through living, studying, and working—with Africans—in constructive labor projects in West Africa, these students showed their deep and immediate concern for the future of those who are struggling to achieve independence and nationhood.

This speech was compiled by members of the West Nigerian team, of which Judy was a member. The object of this and other such speeches is to spread an idea of what newly developing Africa means to them and to us as members of a rapidly shrinking world.

What does one see during his first hour in West Africa? The drive from the Lagos airport into the city takes one on narrow asphalt roads—past modern housing areas labeled Maryland Flats, Palm Grove Estates, etc.—whose architecture symbolizes the influence and comfort of the West and the prosperity and promise of the African future. But down the road are the ditch garbage heaps, muddy market stalls, and the waterfront assembly of small mud houses with corrugated tin roofs—symbols of the stark poverty and struggle of the present. Between these two poles of living conditions, one sees a panorama of African life—the baskets of pottery and five gallon cans, groceries and large porcelain pans, all balanced on tops of heads—the primitive gourds of the past strapped to sides of bicycles, and delicate babies of the future strapped to backs of mothers—and the varieties of African churches—Gospel Baptist, Saint Luke's Catholic, Trinity Methodist, etc., sharing streets with night club descendants, Angel's Paradise, Rock' Ages, etc.

Especially colorful are the advertisements on the "Stick no Bills" walls—Ovaltine and Vaseline, Parliamentarian and Volkswagen—and the familiar gas stations with their regiments of attendants—Shell, Mobilgas, Shell B. P., Afrigas, and Esso, "Your sign of happy motoring." One now hears and feels the screech of bus brakes, sees the surprised look of a young boy on bicycle, smiles at the reprimand of driver and angry looks of passengers, and detects a generation learning to drive.

Also, a generation of Africans at play—table tennis in front yards and Hi-life music blaring from loudspeakers everywhere. Africans at work—pulling, sweating, wading, pushing—in every direction changing or building something new—new arrays of electric power and telephone lines, traffic circles, a six floor ultra-modern Central Bank of Nigeria and the half-finished National Hall, "Where," according to our proud driver, "we will celebrate Independence."

This is Lagos, Nigeria from a bus window. Like Sarasota in places—Saigon in others. It is a city preparing for the immediate future—too busy right now to cut the waist-high grass in its cemeteries, or to sweep its streets until the eve of October Independence Week, when invited dignitaries from all over the world view its decorated wretchedness with tongue in cheek. But as a fearful infant grows into the

beauty of womanhood, so promises Lagos to become the authentic Paris of West Africa—and, hopefully, even more significant.

A 90 minute downpour delayed the Western Nigeria group's early departure from Lagos. Finally, when the winds ceased, the Lorry driver lifted his canvas side flaps and we were off. At the University College in Ibadan, the group met the Nigerian University students who had volunteered to participate in the work-camp project. They were friendly and receptive to us, accompanying the group during a brief shopping period in downtown Ibadan, and a tour of the University College Hospital and Houses of Parliament.

The University College is a vision come true —the real life dream of eleven hundred students —and the hope on which much of Nigeria's tomorrow rests.

The University College Hospital in Ibadan contained 500 patients plus relatives at mealtime. Under government auspices, it trains 80 medical students and 300 nurses in the traditions of the University of London. An increase in mental illness, attributed to rapid social change, has been treated in a village-like hospital.

The cry of the Ibadan street child is a universal language—yet, few places remain where one would see a young mother uncover her breast to feed her child in the midst of a busy shopping center—cleaning its head and ears with aggressive fingers. There is a rare primitive beauty here—almost extinct in the modern world.

Ibadan itself is a city of contrasts—displayed by the new eleven-story Cooperative Building casting its 20th Century shadow upon rusted corrugated tin roof tops fastened over red mud houses of four walls each.

One must ponder the fact that the mind and behavior of a boy born in one of these homes can become equal to that of a boy born on an American University campus. We had both boys, now in their young manhood, in our group. Moreover, what kind of emergent Africa will the world observe if ever the conditions of freedom and economic and educational opportunities prevail in Africa as in America?

Before our departure from Ibadan to Shagamu the Nigerian students led their visitors on a campus tour of U.C.I. Downtown, the remaining bug-bombs, postal and soap supplies were hurried back to the University College bus before 11 A.M., our departure deadline. We remained in hiding while Raheem Oshodi bargained at the motor pool—else the driver would up his price on seeing American cargo.

A half-hour later the bus arrived, two-thirds full of Nigerian passengers. Twenty-one of us jammed ourselves and our "lugs" into the twenty available seats. Our one remaining hope was that the goodwill at Shagamu would overcome the disgruntled scrutiny of 30 paid-passengers whom we detained for more than an hour.

Later, the bus turned off the main road, passed an overturned lorry, and proceeded into a mystic land where the girls kept ducking superstitiously under raincoats. Others closed their eyes and prayed each time the overloaded bus creaked over small substitute bridges or chugged up a steep hill. The effect of the roadside secret cult, upon whom no woman's eyes must fall, is decreasing in these parts—so perhaps our girls who peeked will not go insane or die as predicted.

The group arrived at Remo Secondary School, surveyed the friendly students, the showers, electricity and water system, and moved into two large dormitory rooms with beds and mattresses. Late, the missing items began to appear—a gas burner and two tanks of gas from Remo, canned foods for supper, utensils, and generous hospitality from the Mayflower School staff. As Newell Washburn put it: "Suddenly I knew what a CARE package meant to a war refugee." We were hungry and someone fed us.

One must describe the day's activities in detail to capture the Remo School atmosphere. The students filed into the assembly hall in an

orderly manner—having stood that way outside. The students rose quickly as Mr. Jones, the boys' dormitory superintendent, entered the hall and announced the hymn. A Nigerian professor played an untuned piano and student voices brought out the opening stanza with force, clarity, and beauty—learned and polished in English. The hymn was followed by recited prayer. Each of the students looked upon his own Bible as the scripture was read. The prayer which followed was sung in Yoruba—sounding even more forceful by its rhythm than the hymn. Then the command to the standing assembly of 310 students: "Open your eyes. Sit down. Good morning, students!" The answer came from all: "Good morning, teachers!" Mr. Jones then called upon the principal to welcome the Crossroads group, assembled on the stage. If youthful eyes convey welcome—we were received and appreciated at this moment.

Questions asked by Nigerian secondary school students may offer insight into what they themselves are like—at least what they were thinking about during the summer of 1960:

Many were preoccupied with the thought of an impending war:

1. If war should arise between Russia and America today, would this affect the whole world?
2. What is the cause of enmity between Russia and America?
3. Did the Americans speak in favor of the recent French atomic testing in the Sahara?

Being entertained in an African land—what can the American say when asked:

1. How does the United States entertain strangers?
2. If you have children will you be pleased to have them go to school with the Negroes?
3. What part did America play with regard to apartheid policies in the Union of South Africa?

What concept, U.S.A.?

1. May I know how far it is true that Chicago never goes to sleep?
2. How is life in the U. S. prisons?
3. Is it true for every two minutes that four cars are stolen in America?
4. What is the American foreign policy with regard to its economic influence upon other nations in the world?

With regard to the educational rush in Africa:

1. What is the best university in America?
2. May I know the fact why the degree in America is not as recognized as that of England?
3. How far is it true that a boy graduated with a Ph.D. at twelve?
4. Are scholars beaten by their teachers in the U.S.A.?

And how do you answer these?

1. Why did the Americans fly their aircraft over the U.S.S.R.?
2. Why do Americans detest Communism?
3. Why did Americans fight the Red Indians?
4. Can you please describe snow?
5. Why do Americans refuse to be in the Commonwealth?

During our stay in Shagamu, some of us were fortunate enough to attend several sessions of the conference of the National Union of Nigerian Students.

Nigerian students do not hesitate to express themselves with regard to their nation's role in the world. Coming out of the NUNS Convention are heard these statements: "The independent and peaceful countries in Africa owe the rest of the continent the duty of spearheading the struggle for the political and economic liberation of the whole of Africa. Man's inhumanity to man will cease in Africa when solidarity comes among the nations here . . . We want to give a convincing proof of well-disciplined minds that could rise above party jealousies and unhealthy tribal rivalries, and forge for this country the incorruptible leadership which is the only mainstay of Independence."

The problems seem well defined. The important tasks, however, remain with those students of higher education who do not forget

that their opportunities and privileges were made possible by the ordinary man in the street. Indeed, our student colleagues in Nigeria will be traitors to their nation if they fail to direct their accumulated knowledge to the service of their people and the emancipation of their nation. These Nigerians will manage their own affairs and shape the course of their own history from now on. The role of the American, Englishman, or Russian is to stand ready to assist whenever asked—and not before. "Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our faith . . . are all with thee."

On July 18, 1960 an unfortunate article appeared in *Time* Magazine about the Crossroads Africa, and the following is an attempt to relate Nigerian and American responses to a situation within the group—caused by this article. The article was unfortunate, in that certain statements and adjectives, used in the style of *Time* for its American public, were objectionable to the Nigerian students. It was mistakenly read aloud during the evening meal. Reaction to both reader and article was immediate and heated. Emotions took many directions. Most of the Nigerian students were verbally disappointed or disgusted. At first, they believed someone in the American group had written the article—that it was not a staff rewrite of *Time's* correspondent in Lagos, Mr. Abiodun Aloba. Some of the American students were defensive about *Time* itself. Others were made angry to think that the Nigerians could act, "so stupid about a little ole newspaper," and others attempted to form a composite picture of this new personality dimension of their Nigerian friends.

Insight into the areas in which the Nigerian students were offended can be obtained from the following statements written by one Nigerian participant:

> "The average American still thinks of Nigeria as a Godforsaken country, primitive and unprogressive. The Nigerian, to him, still wears animal skin—for the most part, he still lives in squalid surroundings, and, as an American evangelist said—'there, human meat is still sold in the market'. I refer to Billy Graham. It is for this stamp of people with this sort of impression that the *Time* Magazine, in its July 18th issue, published its article—'Working on the Crossroads'. It contains the pet notion which the American likes to have written about Nigeria.
>
> "The article opens—'Stifling in Nigeria's rainy-season heat, the shanty-filled town of Shagamu seemed hardly the place to find 15 fresh-faced American college students . . .' This article is the first to be written on this particular project in the magazine, and Shagamu in W. Nigeria is the only place specifically referred to. The impression gathered from this will therefore be the one many readers will have about Nigeria, and this is meant to be a fitting background to the story of Crossroads and an objective insight into Nigeria on the eve of Independence.
>
> "The students are probably stifling in our heat but if they wanted to stay fresh and have a rolicking time, they have chosen the wrong place. Monte Carlo or Hawaii will be worth a try next summer. They expect worse than they have got and are happily reconciled (or almost so) to our climate, so the observation is uncalled for.
>
> "The article went on to describe their activity as 'shoveling dirt to hack out a road . . .' True. To make a road, you have to shovel dirt. But throughout the article, there is an undercurrent of contempt for Nigeria and such words as 'shanty' and 'dirt' with lots of meaningful associations help. There are more courteous words which would have served handsomely and accurately to express this. But what the magazine wants to do is portray Nigeria in such inglorious light that the Americans might think of the manifold perils to which their nationals are exposed, and love them more.
>
> " 'Incredulous Africans followed them everywhere' and a dozen Nigerian students

jabbered questions at them, says *Time*. Africans may be incredulous, but why? Because they have never seen whites before as *Time* is likely suggesting? Bad observation. We have been under British rule for long and we have seen many white faces. In any case, this is such a trivial thing to write while considering a project of such magnitude as *Operation Crossroads* that I cannot put down its inclusion to necessity, but to the general purpose—the degradation and persecution of Nigeria by the U. S. press.

"Moreover, the people who did the questioning were the Americans. They themselves conferred ignorance of Nigeria and Nigerians. At times, the African has some knowledge of the U.S.A. which an American has not. Most of the things know about Africa by the American are things distorted out of recognition by irresponsible people. The American students are alive to this and they have been draining every Nigerian of information. The Nigerians object to the word 'jabbering', and I definitely object to the obvious inexactitude. Why did the *Times* attribute the questioning to Nigerians when it knew the truth? To show that as usual the Nigerians know nothing of what is happening in the world?

"One of the Americans told me that the claim was at least to the credit of Nigerian students since it shows them off as questing, inquisitive—which a student must be. But basically it is untrue, and if it is a compliment, it must go to the American visitors. I think I know the U.S. press anyway.

"The *Times* even went so far as to offend a religion. It printed what was supposed to be a statement by a Muslim, to the effect that he was so happy living in the group he could not think of heaven! How far can the *Times* go anyway!"

The writer of the above introduced his remarks with these words: "A team of 170 American students, pseudo-colonialists, invaded West Africa for summer vacation, and they are amidst us. They are no sight-seers, or people running after the sun for tan. They are missionaries from the U. S., keen on establishing better relations and understanding between West Africa and America.

"I have met the W. Nigerian team and I have worked with them. They are a group of enthusiastic, friendly Americans with a spirit of adventure. They are open and approachable, and they are winning their way into the hearts of the Nigerians who have met them.

"The record of the group in Shagamu is a happy one, but there are some clouds already looming ominously in the near distance. Tact and wise direction can dispel this cloud, but tact and wise direction are not the strong points of many people nowadays.

"Ambassadors and envoys nowadays are necessarily good diplomatists well able to eat bile with sugar. But these people are naturally unpretentious and they have done wonderfully. The regret is that the U. S. press, which is notorious for distortions of facts about Nigeria, is working at counter-purposes."

The above remarks confirm the observation made by the Nigerian students, that they were disgusted with the news articles rather than the American participants. Perhaps the whole situation was made more acute due to the opening up of Nigeria in recent months to world press coverage on matters of Independence. There seems to be a mind-set among the Nigerians which lends itself to distrust of the press in general. For instance, a one-day glance at Nigeria's newspapers reveals their political party alignment—each of them printing open slander toward personalities of the opposition. Indeed, Tai Solarin describes the unique position of the Nigerian press as:

> ". . . a weapon [under which] you boil, you fume, you fret, you spit, you sweat, you swear, you roast in the heat of your own indignation . . ."

He then observes that:

> "In a country like Britain or the United States, you can hawk your article round.

> In Nigeria you cannot. Up to now we have been self-satisfied and tragically ignorant and parochial because the press chose that we should be. With Independence we should all come fully out of our ignoble shells."
>
> (From: *Toward Nigeria's Moral Self Government)*

In other words, it was difficult enough for the Nigerian students to understand and believe that Crossroads Africa did not have ulterior motives—that when *Time* Magazine published its article, a predetermined attitude toward the motives of the foreign press were meshed with a kind of defensiveness when Nigerians compare Shagamu with their image of the U. S. A.

Perhaps the physical exhaustion of the group had some influence on the reaction—or possibly the article was the first scapegoat that could be used to justify smaller grievances between personalities—or for a dubious future after a moneyless summer spent in a workcamp project. At the time, it was obvious that most of the Nigerian student minds were made up—and they didn't care to pay attention to the facts until later. Only after investigation did they believe Mr. Aloba was the original source of the article, and that one recognizes the brunt of *Time's* clever adjectives only when they are leveled at oneself.

Much has been learned from this experience and the matter has settled into understanding. A few American participants regret that the learning processes of the Sunday evening discussion were curtailed by merely one side being presented—but at the time, this plan seemed imperative for the future of the group.

Above all, it can be said that this summer was a venture of faith in the proposition that dynamic learning is gained when young people are given the opportunity to cross their cultures —especially when they bring suspicion upon traditional belief. For instance, the Nigerian student who stated, "Operation Crossroads made a good job of the selection of campers. I was very keen on participating but I was also prepared for eventualities—most especially, colour discrimination. If I ever noticed a trace of it, I vowed to quit the camp with as many Nigerians as would follow, and raise such a hue the U. S. office in Nigeria would close up. The U. S. would not have liked adding Nigeria to the trouble spots—Cuba, Japan and others. But the selectors knew what they were doing. All the campers are either discrimination free—or too well able to hide it—if they have it."

Perhaps a measure of the worth of the Crossroads program can be found in the words of one Nigerian participant who wrote, "I personally believe that I have gained more than any holiday maker making £2 a day, and am learning more at first hand than what a pompous author or propagandist can offer. It is really a thrilling experience, and I could do it always and perhaps make it my religion. It is a great demonstration of the belief in the oneness of mankind, and America must be proud of her better-than-ambassadors."

The Major Triad

Our summer love is fading as
The sea washes away the footprints
Left behind by us in a moment of elation.
Loneliness now creeps in like mist over the bay,
Resembling the silence of a sunken ship.
We are left with nothing but an empty heart.
The world around seems gloomy and dismal.
The rain, wind, and cold beat against the windows
With an uninterrupted and unexplainable void.
The whisperings of the trees are like death
And the moon has lost its attraction.
But all is not lost!
Life is before us ever opening her
Arms to the wonders of the world . . .

—DOROTHY LILLIAN ONG

TROPICAL TRANQUILLITY

Rosemary Clower

A streak of sunlight broke through the dense growth and landed on a long, gray snake skimming through the cool, black water. Two birds, high in the tree tops, called to each other in harsh shrieks. A splash was heard, and a long spiked tail was seen sliding into the now muddying water as an alligator submerged. Suddenly, myriads of multicolored birds flew up into the sweltering, humid air, startled by an approaching native canoe which slowly edged its way down the river, winding through trees, under low-hanging branches, and parting the debris in the water. A monkey chattered, and a faint bellowing cry of an old clumsy elephant was heard. Then all was quiet, and the trickling water, lazily licking the worn sides of the boat, sent out a reviving song into the drowsy forest.

LAMENT

by Marian Rogers

I wish some enterprising American would stop building better mousetraps and concentrate on bathroom fixtures. We have produced atomic submarines, more or less successful missiles into outer space, zippers, thermos bottles, plastic bags; but after the one supreme push that moved the bathroom indoors, we have come to a gurgling halt.

Strange, too, because bathroom visiting is universal. Inventors, artists, engineers, literary giants, even busy political candidates engage in it. With so many resourceful people periodically aware of the need for improvement, it does seem as if something more promising in the way of progress could be offered than a mint green disposable "johnny mop," so a lady can scrub out the nasty old toilet without ruining her manicure—and her disposition.

Oh, modern toilets are utilitarian—I'll have to admit *that* much—but gracious living-wise, they leave a lot to be desired. How many times have *you* had to go back and jiggle the handle, so that the water would not keep running? When was the last time *you* dislodged the ceramic knobs that cover the screws bolting these abominations to the floor?

Silencing devices, too—do they ever really work? How can you pretend that you have merely combed your hair, when a resounding flush has just echoed and re-echoed through the living room? Toilets aren't even sexless—one banged cover, female; two, male. And sometimes, no matter how you sit—well, let's not go on with *that!*

As if their functional horrors weren't enough, colors have recently been added to toilets. Revolting displays shout the glories of pink pearlized plastic toilet seats. I even found in one bathroom a gold lamé seat cover. It was impressive, yes, but must have been very prickly after a bath!

Something should be done, too, so that dogs can't, in the middle of the night, quench their thirst by noisy laps from the toilet. I tell myself that "it is clean water," but my stomach never seems to hear.

And have you ever tried to cope with a squeaking toilet paper holder?

Goodbye

Wild runs the river to my heart
Fervent and fury filled
Free blows my long, damp hair tonight
The moon is shadowveiled
Dawning will make this passion die
Before life's breath is gasped
Still wind runs that river to my heart
With this—our last handclasp.

—CELIA ANN OVERTON

BOOK REVIEWS

EXODUS

by Leon Uris

Two thousand years ago there occurred the birth and dispersement of a nation. It grew up under one God, and during the centuries received torture, abuse, and indignities never before shown the world. *Exodus* is the story of the rebirth of this nation—a story of the Jews. It is a book about people who fought for a dream that lived with them for 2,000 years. Leon Uris says, "*Exodus* is about fighting people, people who did not apologize either for being born Jews or the right to live in human dignity." Here are characters full of courage, passion, and spirit that worked with one another for a cause they believed could not die, and which did not die. Senile men and women, impetuous boys and girls, bewildered small children, were all caught up in this web of emotional fervor for a house, a home, a nation!

Marianna Christian

THE UGLY AMERICAN by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick

The Ugly American is not a book which one reads for enjoyment, but for enlightenment . . . frightful and stimulating enlightenment! It is the story of the diplomacy of the United States, an account of the behavior of our fellow Americans abroad. This book is a "must" for every thinking citizen of our country. It explains why the free world is steadily losing ground to Communism in Southeast Asia, and all over the world; losing ground because of the Americans who are sent abroad to "sell democracy."

This book is based on fact. It is a searching, blunt, forceful story that makes the reader anxious to do something about the problem of American diplomacy abroad. It is more exciting and alive than a pure fiction novel. It has caused the *New York Herald Tribune* to report: "If this were not a free country this book would be banned . . . a bombshell!" It has caused critics all over the world to recognize the urgency of its message. It concerns us all, and is a memorable reading experience even for those who have a limited understanding of foreign affairs and politics. It awakens in every intelligent American reader fury and pride; fury at those who misrepresent us, and unequaled pride in those few who are worthy to depict democracy.

Kay Tracy Mack

ADVISE AND CONSENT

By Allen Drury

The time is in the late 1960's. The place Washington, D. C., the U. S. Senate. The President of the United States has just revealed his nominee for the new Secretary of State, and it has fallen to the Senate to decide whether or not to confirm the President's selection. It is a crucial period in the country's relationship with Russia, and this in itself makes it most imperative that the Senate be extremely careful in selecting the man who will be the representative of this country in her relationships with foreign powers. Will the Senate advise and consent to the nomination?

As the Senate gradually divides into groups for and against the highly controversial nominee, we are offered an intimate glimpse of Washington politics. Powerful senators are using every ounce of their political strength to garner votes, and it is shocking to learn the ruthless methods used at times to obtain these votes. It is disheartening at other times to see the corruption of some of the men in this highly respected position. The author of *Advise and Consent,* Allen Drury, a newspaperman who has made Washington politics his specialty, gives us a backstage picture of our Senators in action; and through his authentic presentation, the drama and intensity of government politics come alive.

Paige Young

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

The following events which will take place during the months of November, December, and January will be of special interest to the students of Queens.

THE CHARLOTTE ORATORIO SINGERS,
January 21

THE CHARLOTTE OPERA
November 14 CAROUSEL
January 9 BARBER OF SEVILLE

THE CHARLOTTE SYMPHONY
November 21 CLAUDIO ARRAU, pianist

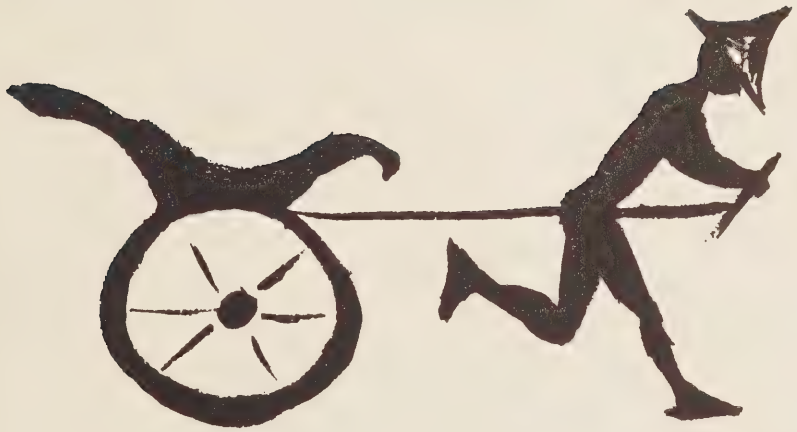
THE LITTLE THEATER
December 1-10 HOWIE
January 26-
February 4 THE GAZEBO

THE MINT MUSEUM OF ART
CULTURAL FILMS
November 11 ROMEO AND JULIET, The Bolshoi Theatre
November 25 THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE
December 9 THE TITAN, The Life and Work of Michelangelo
January 6 BLOOD OF A POET

CLASSIC FILMS
November 16 TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD
December 21 A NOUS LA LIBERTE
January 18 THE PASSION OF JOAN D'ARC

AMERICAN PAINTING EXHIBITION
November 4

DAVIDSON COLLEGE
November 9 ROSSINI'S "LA CENERENTOLA" (Cinderella) National Opera Company
December 5 NATALIE BODANYA, Lyric Soprano Metropolitan Opera



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